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INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Train Talk.

"No, George, I'm not going to take my shoes off" "You'd better, dearest." No, I shan't. Just like as not the train will run off the track What a place this is for a lady to sleep in. Catch me taking off my shoes, nor anything else this night. Anybody can come along here and "pull these curtains right back." Dear, it is just as private here as in your own room. No one disturbs any one else on a sleeper. You know I traveled a great deal before we were married. Now come, pet, let me untie your shoes for you." "You shan't, George. I tell you I won't, so there, I am going to sit up here and lean against this pillow and look out the window all night, and I'll be ready dressed for breakfast in the morning. You can sleep down there if you want to." He argued, reasoned entreated and commanded, but the six-hour bride remained firm, and it was evident that a dark cloud was on the face of the young honeymoon. The last thing we heard before going to sleep was the beginning of what he said was his last appeal. We didn't hear the end of it, but woke next morning and found all quiet in the next berth. All the other passengers were soon up, and the porter had their beds metamorphosed into seats, but still the bridal couple slept. Finally they were roused by the conductor, and after forty minutes of floundering in the lower bunk and fre[illegible] inquiries for sundry missing articles, conspicuous among which was "my other shoe," there appeared a[illegible] which deepened and widened surprisingly as she met the gaze of her fellow-passengers. It was apparent that she had at last relented.

Willie's Instruction.

"Pa," asked Willie Jones, as he was studying his history lesson, "who was Helen of Troy?"

"Ask your ma," said Jones, who was not up in classic lore.

"Helen of Troy," said Mrs. Jones, who was sewing a new heel on baby's shoe, "was a girl who used to live with us; she was from Troy, N. Y., and we found her in an intelligence office. She was the best girl I ever had before your father struck Bridget."

"Did pa ever strike Bridget?" asked Willie, pricking up his ears.

"I was speaking paregorically," said Mrs. Jones,

There was silence for a few moments; then Willie came to another epoch in history.

"Ma, who was Marc Anthony?"

"An old colored man who lived with my pa. What does it say about him there?"

"It says his wife's name was Cleopatra."

"The very same! Old Cloe. used to wash for us. It's very strange how they come to be in that book."

"History repeats itself," murmured Jones vaguely, while Willie looked at his his ma with wonder and admiration that one small head could carry all she knew. Presently he found another question to ask:

"Say, ma, who was Julius Cæsar?"

"O, he was one of the pagans of history," said Mrs. Jones, trying to thread the point of her needle.

"But what made him famous?" persisted Willie.

"Everything," answered Mrs. Jones, complacently; "he was the one who said 'Eat, thou brute,' when his horse wouldn't take his oats. He dressed in a sheet and pillowcase uniform, and when his enemies surrounded him he shouted, Gimme liberty or gimme death.' and ran away.

"Which did they give him?" asked Willie.

"Which? Why he got 'em both."

"And Eli, he was a great profit, wasn't he, ma?" continued Willie, as he scanned the pages of history.

"No, Eli was not a promphet. He was a lecturer. He lectured in our church once. But Eli was a nickname. His right name was Eliar—Eliar Perkins. wasn't it husband?"

"But say, ma, how did you learn so much about history?" asked willie, closing the books.

"I learned it at school," said Mrs. Jones, with an oblique glance at Mr. Jones, who was listening as grave as a statue. "I had superior advantages, and I paid attention and remembered what I heard."

"And I say, ma, who was Horace?"

Then she listened with pride and approval while Mr. Jones informed his son that Horace was the editor of the Tribune and a rare work on farming, and the people's choice for a President, and only composed Latin verses to pass sway the time and amuse himself.—Detroit Post.

To Mine Owners of Yuma Co.

I am arranging a collection of the different ores of this county, in my office. [illegible] specimen sent to me will be thank[fully] received and placed in the cabinet. Please label specimens as to probable value, name of mine and district.
[illegible], County Recorder.

[illegible] Mallards.

[illegible] The other morning a[illegible] member of the Owl Club was steering through the fog which often hangs over the city at 3 A. M., he passed a house in Mission street where resided a well known physician. The vestibule of this residence was open, and on its side the dim rays of the moon, struggling through the gloom produced by the efforts of the city gas company, disclosed the mouth of an accoustic tube, underneath which was the inscription: "Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disobliging about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up the steps, and, steadying himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant whistle near his head, arose, and, after wondering at the singular odor of whisky in the room, groped to the tube and shouted:

"Well?"

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply, "but being a doctor, I s'pose you can keep well on cost price, can't you?"

"What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his night-shirt.

"Well," said the party at the other end of the tube, after a few moments' meditation—"oh! by the way, are you young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts; there is no young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any. I have no son."

"Then you are young Potts and old Potts too. Dear, dear, how singular!"

"What do you want?" snapped the doctor, who was beginning to feel as if his legs were a pair of elongated icicles.

"You know old Mrs. Peavine, who lives in the next block?"

"Yes. Is she sick? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—young Briggs?"

"Yes; well?"

"Well, he went up to Bridgeport shooting this morning, and—"

"And he had an accident. Hold up a minute, and I'll be down."

"No, he's all right; but he got sixty-two ducks—eighteen of 'em mallards. I thought you might like to hear it."

And the joker hung on to the muzzle of his gun and laughed like a hyena digging up a fat bullock.

"I say," came down from the exasperated M. D., "that's a jolly good joke, my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What?" said the surprised humorist, pausing for breath.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth, a hastily compounded mixture of ink, ipecac and assafœdita squirted from the pipe, and deluged him from head to foot, about a pint monopolizing his shirt front and collar.

And while he danced and frantically sponged himself off with his handkerchief, swearing like a pirate in the last act, he could hear a voice from above sweetly murmur:

"Have some more? No? Well, good-night. Come again soon, you funny dog. you. By-by."—Philadelphia News.

He was a Gentleman.

"Gentlemen," said an Arkansas Colonel as he stood under the limb of a tree from which dangled a rope, "I must protest my innocence. I did not steal the mule. I am above petty theft. I know that you all have the interest of the community at heart and I do not blame you, but there are times when we are all liable to be too rash. If I stolen the mule my guilt would oppress me until I would beg to be put out of the world in the most summary way."

"The mule was found in your possession," said the leader of the mob.

"Very true, my dear, sir."

"Did he jump into your lot?"

"No sir; I conducted him to the confines of my premises."

"Did you buy the animal?"

"No sir."

"Did you trade for him?"

"I did not."

"Then who stole him? Let down the rope boys."

"Gentleman, I hope you will give me a chance to explain. The mule in question was the property of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Major Ruglesberry. Some time ago the Major and I exchanged a few words of an uncomplimentary nature. I intimated that the Major's blood would be highly satisfactory to me, and the Major said that my gore would please him mightily. Well, we separated, thoroughly agreeding with each other. The next day the Major and I met. I got what is vulgarly called the drop on him, and relieved him of the top of his head. He was riding a mule at the time, and when he fell off I saw that he no longer had any practical use for the animal, so I took charge of him. Now, if I had dismounted in the way he did, I should have interposed no objection to the Major's taking my horse."

"I hope sir, that you will excuse us," replied the leader, of the mob. "We thought that you stole the mule. Your explanation is most satisfactory, and I hope you'll excuse us. Let us all take a drink."